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See p. 34 Dyer's Supplement to the
History of Cambridge

He who could make mortals - art thou dead?
I give thee joy. -
Young's Night Thoughts

SPECIMENS
OF
LITERARY RESEMBLANCE,
IN THE WORKS
OF
POPE, GRAY,
AND OTHER CELEBRATED WRITERS;
WITH CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS:
IN
A SERIES OF LETTERS,
BY THE REVEREND
SAMUEL BERDMORE, D.D.
LATE MASTER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

Nullum est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius;
Quare æquum est vos cognoscere & ignoscere
Quæ veteres facitârunt, si faciunt novi.

TER. EUN. PROL.

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B486 S

MY DEAR P.

YOU seem to wish that I would collect my scattered essays into a body, and go so far as to say, that the whole together would make a respectable volume; in which even men of letters might perhaps pick up something of novelty and entertainment. I have so far complied with these flattering suggestions, as to take the last five letters, printed in the European Magazine, on LITERARY RESEMBLANCE; to which I have added a few others on the same subject, and present them, in this more
B regular

regular form,—to YOU, with certain expectation of a favorable reception:—not without diffidence to the PUBLIC.

Adieu.

To the Reverend PETER FORSTER,
Rector of Hedenham,
Norfolk, &c.

SPECIMENS
OF
LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR P.

THE remarks, which I sent you a few days ago, on a passage in Pope's translation of Homer, have engaged me so far in the consideration of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE or IMITATION, and the subject is so curious and interesting, that perhaps you will indulge me while I pursue it a page or two further.

In a periodical^a paper, begun 1752, are cited many passages from Pope, said never to have been taken notice of, as

B 2

“ evidently

“ evidently borrowed, though they are
“ improved.”

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

Essay on Man, Ep. II. V. 31.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice superbâ
Ventosi gradimur.

Again,

Simia cœlicolâm risusque jocusque Deorum est
Tunc homo, quum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque Divûm.

Palingenius.

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Must gravitation cease? when you go by;
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartre's head reserve the hanging wall.

Essay on Man; Ep. IV. V. 123.

If a good man be passing by an infirm building just in
the article of falling, can it be expected that God should
suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in or-
der to his deliverance?

Wollaston, Rel. Nat.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused,
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Essay on Man, Ep. II. V. 13.

What a chimera then is man ! what a confused chaos !
what a subject of contradiction ! a professed judge of all
things, and a feeble worm of the earth ; the great depo-
sitary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of un-
certainty ; the glory and scandal of the universe.

Pascal.

None of these passages can be new to
you, but I have taken the liberty of trans-
cribing them, as they furnish occasion for
a few remarks : and I have selected the three
above from several others ; as a LEARNED
CRITIC, whom, while on this subject, we
cannot fail of having continually in our
view, has chosen these very instances to il-
lustrate some observations in his letter to
Mr. Mason on the MARKS OF IMITATION.

It will be thought perhaps somewhat
strange, that he takes no notice of the
Adventurer. But we must suppose that
either he had never read those ingenious
essays ; or, if he had, that he thought them
little worthy his attention ; though, in ge-
neral, the sentiments, contained in this
paper, seem to bear a very near relation

to those, which he himself advances. Engaged, as he at all times was, in pursuits so much more important, he never, it seems, found an hour or two of leisure to read more than ^b one work of the very learned and respectable Dr. Leland; and that one, only with an intention to refute it.

Be this as it may, he certainly stamps a value on these quotations by adopting them. He had too much respect both for himself and for his readers, to obtrude upon ^c “ their consideration, those vulgar “ passages, which every body recollects, “ and sets down for acknowledged imitations.”

If you compare the different manner of the two writers, you cannot but admire the superior management and address of the LEARNED CRITIC. In the *Adventurer*, the passages from Pope are brought forward without preparation, and confronted at once with the authors, said to be imitated. In the LEARNED CRITIC they are ushered in with all the ceremonies of a regular introduction, and presented in
9 form.

form. In the first cited instance, we observe a very remarkable difference between the one and the other :

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

The Adventurer derives this singular passage from one Palingenius, an obscure monk. Not so the LEARNED CRITIC. He did not wish to have it thought, that he could for a moment so far forget his own character, as to waste any portion of his valuable time in turning over *such trash* ; much less that the “ *great poet*,” so superior to ^d ADDISON in true genius, could ever degrade himself by borrowing a thought from one of so inferior an order. More conformably therefore to that literary dignity, which, he was conscious, belonged not less to himself, than to Pope, he pronounces that the “ *great poet*” “ *had his eye on Plato, who makes So-*

“ crates say, in allusion to a remark of
 “ Heraclitus:”

Ὅτι ἀνθρώπων ὁ σοφώτατος πρὸς ΘΕΟΝ πιθηκὸς
 φανείται. Hipp. Major.

Conspiring with this laudable sense, which the LEARNED CRITIC at all times fondly cherished, of literary dignity, there appears to have been another motive for his conduct in this place. Had he derived the passage, as the Adventurer did before him, from Palingenius, he would have had no opportunity of exhibiting that masterly display of the true critic; and all the refined reasoning which follows, with the nice distinction between the God of the Philosopher, and the Superior Beings of the Poet, had been lost.

Does it not require more than a common share of critical acumen? a perspicacity far beyond that of “ those dull
 “ minds, by which the shapes and appear-
 “ ances of things are apprehended only in
 “ the gross?” to discriminate between a Hea-
 then God, and a Superior Being. The real
 state

state of the case seems to be, that the LEARNED CRITIC, in order to make the sentence, which he has quoted, more accommodable to his purpose, concealed, even from himself, the true meaning of the philosopher's words. The philosopher, he says, refers *προς ΘΕΟΝ*, i. e. not to God, *the* God; but, agreeably to the idiom of the Greek language, as the word stands without the article, *a* God; one amongst many; according to the generally received opinion of the age and country in which Plato lived; as appears more evidently by what follows:

Ομολογησομεν, Ιππια, την καλλιστην παρθενων
προς ΘΕΩΝ γένος αισχρον ειναι.

Again,

Και δη προς γε ΘΕΟΥΣ ότι ε καλον το ανθρω-
πειον γένος. κ. τ. λ.

Thus the God of the Philosopher is plainly no more, than one of the Superior Beings alluded to by the Poet; consequently the application is, in both cases, precisely the same; addressed to the same order of Beings; and the ape, *ὁ πιθηκος*, becomes

becomes an object either of *derision* or *admiration*, as the one or the other may chance to fall in more aptly with the writer's views.

The *great poet*, it must be said, appears in the hands of the LEARNED CRITIC to advantage; yet I doubt whether an indifferent looker on would, not, after all, be disposed to think with the Adventurer, that more probably Pope at this time *had his eye* on Palingenius. There are some plausible reasons, which seem to operate very strongly in favor of this opinion.

In a^e paper, printed 1745, are pointed out several Expressions, Similies, and Sentiments in Palingenius, Translated and Improved by Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Man, amongst which this very simile of the ape is one; whence it appears that the *great poet* condescended now and then to amuse himself with turning over *such trash*; and that he was tempted to turn over the pages of this obscure author more than once. At the same time I suspect that he was very little conversant in the writings of Plato.

If

If you are not quite worn down, I am tempted to remind you of an apparent imitation in Pope from Ovid, which I sent you some time ago. It has at least one merit, which I find is considered by other collectors of these curious trifles, as a primary recommendation. It has never, so far as I know, been ^h *blown upon* by any of the swarm, which usually buzz about the works of celebrated writers. In the *Eloise* you have these charming lines:

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls;
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound ;
Come, sister, come ! it said, or seem'd to say,
Thy place is here ; sad sister, come away.

* * * * *

I come, I come.

Now turn to Ovid:

Est mihi marmorea sacratuſ in æde Sichæuſ,
Appoſitæ frondeſ, velleraque alba tegunt.
Hinc ego me ſenſi noto quater ore citari,
Ipſe ſono tenui dixit, *Iliffa, veni.*
Nulla mora eſt, *venio, venio, &c.*

Dido *Æneæ*, V. 99.

Here

Here are not only the same thoughts, and expression, but, what the LEARNED CRITIC considers as a more decided 'mark of imitation, the same disposition of the parts. Yet it occurs to me that you doubted, whether we could pronounce with certainty, that our English bard borrowed these thoughts from the Roman.

You will not think that I deal fairly with your favorite, if I do not here add another passage from the same poem, where you think, very justly, that Pope has much improved and embellished the hint which Ovid gave him.

Not Cæsar's *emprefs* would I deign to prove;
No! make *me mistress to the man I love*.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, *make me that to thee*.

Si pudet uxoris, *non nupta, sed hospita dicar*;
Dum tua sit Dido, *quidlibet esse feret*.

Dido *Æneæ*, V. 167.

Every reader of taste will agree in the opinion of Pope's superiority. I am pleased to leave him with you under such favorable circumstances.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR P.

THE subject, touched upon in my last, has taken such strong hold of my imagination, that I cannot forbear recalling your attention to it. I do this with the less scruple, as I do not mean to trouble you with any of those ^a “*vulgar passages*,” which the LEARNED CRITIC, with a delicacy highly commendable, “*spared his friend the disgust of considering*.” Under this restriction, it may not be unentertaining to see in what manner writers of the first rank, and acknowledged abilities, imitate their predecessors so, as to make what they borrow appear their own. You will not, I apprehend, require any apology from me, for suspending awhile the design,

with

with which I seemed to set out. I see no reason why, in our conversation or correspondence with each other, we should confine ourselves within any one certain track. Whatever subject may accidentally be started in our way, we are, I think, at full liberty to follow, whithersoever it may lead; and to continue the pursuit, so long as it affords amusement.

We have often, you will recollect, read together, and been as often charmed with the introductory stanza to the first of Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes—the Progress of Poetry: where you have these admirable lines:

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling from the steep amain,
Headlong impetuous see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

The great excellencies of the sublimest poetry are here united, with an ease and elegance, which give to the composition so much the air of an original, that none
of

of Mr. Gray's editors, or commentators on his works, seem to have suspected an imitation.

Mr. Mason, who appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in bringing together every sentiment, or expression, from other authors, bearing resemblance to any part of the writings of his respected friend, has produced no parallel to this exquisitely beautiful passage.

Mr. Wakefield has also given us an edition of Mr. Gray's poems, enriched with many valuable and interesting notes: in which he professes ^b "not to be sparing of quotations from the poets," and conceives "no author to be a more proper vehicle for remarks of this sort, at once useful and entertaining, than Mr. Gray:" yet, in all his extensive range through the fields of classic lore, he notices only one or two slight resemblances.

Having thus taken the liberty of introducing Mr. Wakefield, I cannot suffer so favorable an opportunity to escape me, without returning to that candid and discerning

cerning critic my warmest thanks; in which I am persuaded I shall be joined by every friend to Genius, and lover of the Muses, for his very able and spirited defence of the British Pindar against the illiberal attacks of a prejudiced Commentator; whose puerile strictures on these divine poems certainly cast a shade on his literary character.

Even Dr. Johnson himself, willing, as he evidently was, *from whatever cause*, to degrade the high character which Mrs. Gray deservedly held, of an original writer, with uncommon powers of fancy and invention, and, therefore, ever on the watch to detect any latent imitation, has been able to discover no instance of similar composition.

Now allow me to submit to your consideration the following lines, which I am inclined to believe you have already in imagination anticipated, from one of the sublimest Odes in Horace:

————— Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis

Ritu

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 In mare ; nunc lapides adefos
 Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos,
 Volventis unâ ; non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

B. III. O. 29.

With this stanza before us, will there not arise in the mind something like *suspicion*? that Mr. Gray, when he wrote the fine lines quoted above, had *his eye on* Horace. Allow me to mark the principal features of resemblance. We have in each poet a stream, applied by the one to the various forms of poetry, by the other, to the vicissitudes of human affairs, with especial reference to political revolutions. It is conducted by both, first in a course of placid serenity, then in torrents of rapid impetuosity ; and marked at the close, by the same striking and impressive consequence.

“ The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.”

Very nearly a verbal translation of the Latin text,

“ Non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.”

C

Here

Here is certainly in these two passages an extraordinary coincidence of thought and imagery. In addition to which, the varying circumstances, described in both, follow each other exactly in the same order. The attentive reader will however discover, under this general similitude, a considerable difference in the mode of composition between the British and the Roman Pindar. Enough, perhaps you will think, to remove all appearance of direct imitation. It is most probable that Gray, without recurring to the text of Horace, has only copied from the traces, which a frequent perusal had left upon his memory. This hypothesis will appear more credible, when we analyze the different forms of composition. While the stream of Horace glides quietly into the Etruscan ocean, with no other distinction than that of gentleness,

513 “ *Cum pæce delabentis Etruscum*
“ In mare ;”

the stream of Gray winds along with a
marked

marked character, appropriate to his subject :

“ Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.”

Mr. Gray gives also peculiar grace and beauty to the piece, by his skilful use of the metaphorical style, blending the simile with the subject, so much in the manner of Pindar ; and not making, as Horace has done, a formal comparison of the one with the other.

I cannot here resist the temptation of recalling to your recollection an exquisitely fine passage in the book of Psalms ; in which similar imagery is applied, under the same form, in a manner most awfully sublime. It is where the divinely-inspired Poet, magnifying the God of his salvation, describes, in the true spirit of Eastern poetry, his protecting power as follows :

“ Who stillest the *raging of the sea*, and the noise of his waves, and the *madness of the people*.”

Psalms lxxv. v. 7.

Pope has, in many instances, adopted this

graceful manner; and in none more successfully than in that celebrated address to his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, in the Essay on Man, Ep. iii.

“ Oh! while along the stream of time thy name

“ Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;

“ Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,

“ Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?”

It will be rather a matter of curiosity, if I do not appear too trifling, to see how this beautiful passage would read, taken out of metaphor, and delivered in the plain comparative form. I will endeavour to render it in this form, as correctly as may be.—Oh! while your name flies abroad along the course of time, and gathers all its fame, like a ship going down the stream, and, with expanded sails, gathering, as it goes, the wind; say! shall I attend, like a little bark? pursue the triumph, and share in your fame, as the little bark partakes the gale, which swells the canvass of the larger vessel. You will not, I trust, require any further comment

to

to ascertain the respective merits attached to these different forms of composition.

Mr. Gray, it will be seen, has still further improved upon the Roman bard, by the addition of those verdant vales, and golden fields of corn, through which, in the first division of his subject, he conducts the peaceful stream:

Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.

In the second division he simply describes it, now swollen into an overflowing river, rolling impetuously down the steep descent; which Horace emphatically expresses from Homer^d, by the effects.

You, who are wont to view all works of taste with so correct and critical an eye, cannot fail to observe, and at the same time to admire, the masterly skill of these great artists in the execution of their separate designs.

In Mr. Gray's Ode, the varying movements of music, or poetry, are very happily illustrated by the inconstant current of a river; assuming in different places a

different character; presenting you by turns, either with rich and beautiful prospects, in soothing composure; or rousing the mind into emotions of wonder and astonishment, by scenes of a bolder feature; rolling, with the roar of thunder, down broken rocks and precipices.

The imagery of Horace is equally well chosen, and suited to his purpose. His object was the course of events, which alternately take place in a popular government, at one time peaceful and orderly, dispensing ease, security, and happiness to all around; at another, irregular, tumultuous, and turbulent, marking its progress with terror and destruction; like the changeful course of a river, the Tyber for instance, which was daily in his view, flowing at one time quietly and equably within its accustomed banks, at another,

“ Cum fera diluvies quietos

“ Irritat amnes;”

raising its swollen waves above all bounds, breaking with irresistible fury through all

obstacles, and, with wide-spreading desolation, bearing down every thing in its way:

———“ lapides adesos
“ Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos.”

It is the more remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have overlooked this apparent imitation, when he has chosen, with Algarotti he says, to consider the Bard as an imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. This is more than Algarotti any where affirms. In his letter to Mr. ° How he says that the Bard is very far superior to the prophecy of Nereus.

“ Che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore
al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo eccidio di Troia.”

In which opinion Dr. Johnson does not seem equally disposed to concur with the learned Italian.

This is a question, which does not admit of argument. If there be a man, who can hear the sudden breaking forth of those terrific sounds in the exordium,

at which *stout Gloucester stood aghast*, and *Mortimer cried to arms*, and not thrill with horror: if there be a man, who can behold the awful figure of the Bard, in his *sable vestments*, with his *haggard eyes*, his *loose beard* and *hoary hair*, which

“ *Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air,*”

and hear him

“ *Strike the deep sorrows of his lyre,*”

without emotion: this man, if such a man there be, has no feelings, to which a critic on the works of a great poet can apply. It were as vain and useless to converse with a man of this description on such subjects, as to commune with a deaf man on the enchantments of music, or with one blind on the charms of beauty.

While I am conversing with you, who are neither deaf, nor blind, I am tempted to enter more deeply into the examination of this astonishing performance; which I shall consider in rather a new light. Every reader is stricken with the wildness of the
scenery

scenery—the grandeur and sublimity of thought—the boldness of the imagery—the fire and enthusiasm which animate the ode throughout. Let me now more particularly call your attention to the highly figurative and majestic diction, which pervades the whole, involved in that awful obscurity, so suited to the occasion, and characteristically belonging to the language of prophecy. This obscurity has, I know, been objected to by men of some note, who must surely have considered the subject very superficially, as a defect; for which, they say, while it sheds so much darkness over the whole composition, as to preclude from the view of the disappointed reader almost all its beauties, no merit in other respects, however great and transcendent, can compensate. For myself, I have no scruple in confessing, that this very obscurity, so much condemned by judges of this description, has always appeared in my eye a distinguishing excellency of the poem. The tissue woven with bloody hands by
the

the Bard, in concert with the spectres of his murdered brethren,

“ The winding sheet of Edward’s race,”

on which were to be traced their impending misfortunes, has in it something tremendously sublime, analogous to the emblematical images, under which are usually conveyed the prophetic denunciations of divine wrath in the sacred writings: of these every one feels the effect. In the same sublime strain the descendants of Edward are in succession designated, not by name, but by some mystic allusion; under which the figures assume a more terrific appearance, from the mist which is gathered round them. The tragical fate which severally awaits them, is denounced under the representation of some terrible image, encompassed with almost impenetrable darkness, impressing on the mind a dreadful foreboding of future calamity, the more alarming, as its nature, extent, and effect are unknown and undefined.

From

From these scenes of horror the Bard is rapt, by a sudden and unexpected transition, into visions of glory; and the imagination, but now appalled by terror, and sunk into dismay, is roused by the prospects of happier events, described in dazzling splendor, though still with the same indistinctness of imagery, at a distance, into transports of joy and triumphant exultation over Edward, on the ultimate defeat of his impious attempt.

The transcendent merit of Mr. Gray's manner can no way be better illustrated, than by a comparative view of the manner adopted by Horace in the ode, of which Dr. Johnson is so willing to think the Bard an imitation. The appearance of Nereus, engaged in the important office of calming the winds, in order to sing the cruel fates of Paris, has a solemnity in it, which raises the mind to an expectation of something great and momentous; yet, when we contemplate the figure of Nereus, presented, as he is, with no appropriate investment, with no local advantages,

tages, stationed we know not where, uttering his denunciations we know not whence; with what superior dignity and spirit does the BARD appear! in the romantic situation and interesting attitude described by Gray, *striking with solemn accompaniments the deep sorrows of his lyre.*

Mr. Gray will rise still higher in your opinion, as you proceed. You have seen how he aggrandizes his subject by his manner of treating it. What has Horace done? He has recounted, in the simplest mode of narration, the adventures of Paris, as he found them related by Homer. Every circumstance is exactly detailed, without any veil or disguise. Every agent introduced is represented under his known character, and marked by his proper name. No room is left for doubtful and alarming conjecture. The whole tale is told in the plainest terms. In the concluding stanza we are informed, in the same simple manner, without any preparation denoting so important an event, that after a certain term of delay, occasioned by the anger of Achilles, Troy
would

would be consumed by the Grecian fires.

I would not wish you to suspect that I mean to undervalue the works of our old friend, whom I was early taught, with you, and still continue to love and admire. I have often read this very ode with pleasure and approbation. It is an elegant and beautiful composition. But is there in it any, even the faintest, trait of resemblance to the Bard of Gray? or are you disposed, with Dr. Johnson, to allow Gray only a secondary merit, as a copyist from the first inventor?—Inventor of what?—What has Horace invented, which Gray has imitated? Gray neither wanted nor sought assistance elsewhere. He consulted his own great mind. There only did he find the source of that *rich stream*, which he has conducted with consummate address, now in majestic solemnity, now, as occasion required, with impetuous rage and violence, through the various parts of this unrivalled poem; and every man of taste and feeling follows

lows its course with rapture and enthusiasm.

Having thus faintly expressed the high reverence which I bear to one of so superior an order, I will here close this long, yet, may I hope? to *you*, not tedious discussion.

Adieu.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR P.

THE observations which I offered on two beautiful passages, the one from Gray, the other from Horace, have not exhausted the subject, on which I was then treating. Allow me to submit to your consideration another instance of similar coincidence, which has always appeared to me very remarkable, though it seems to have escaped the notice of other readers. In the Bard we have a picture, exhibiting the death of Richard II. by famine, as recorded by Archbishop Scroop and the older writers, executed by the boldest pencil of creative Fancy:

Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare;

Rest

Rest of a crown he still may share the feast.

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baneful smile upon their baffled guest.

Compare these fine lines with the following, equally fine, lines of Virgil:

————— Lucent genialibus altis

Aurea fulcra toris; *epulæq. ante ora paratæ*

Regifico luxu. Furiarum maxima juxta

Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,

Exurgitque facem attollens, atq. intonat ore.

Æn. B. VI. L. 603.

The two poets chanced to have the same subject in contemplation. Your attention will be caught at first view by a striking similarity of manner in the execution of their design. It will be observed also, that this manner, so admirably suited to their purpose, is out of the common way, very far beyond the reach of common minds. In order to aggravate the distress, and to render the inflicted torments more poignantly excruciating, a rich and luxurious banquet is, with exquisite refinement, previously prepared by each of these great masters, and spread in
splendid

splendid array before the face of the unfortunate sufferers; the sight of which, while they are withheld from partaking it, irritates the cravings of hunger, even to agony. Their constrained abstinence is enforced in both by the same poetical machinery. In Gray, *Fell Thirst and Famine* exactly correspond to the *chief of the Furies* in Virgil. The *baneful smile, scowled on the baffled guest*, in the former, carries with it, perhaps, more of scorn and mortifying insult, than the more direct opposition of the Fury, with her *up-lifted torch and thundering voice*, does in the latter. Still, however, the imagery—the turn of thought—the plan and structure of the piece, and the disposition of the parts, are in both instances precisely the same.

Whence this extraordinary congruity arose, or by what means it was effected, I will not take upon me to determine. So far I will venture to say, and I assure myself of your cordial concurrence, that Gray's charming stanza, when seen by

D

itself,

itself, has very much the air of an original.

“Common sense,” we are told on high authority, “directs us for the most part to regard resemblances in great writers, not as the pilferings, or frugal acquisitions of needy art, but as the honest fruits of genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying nature.”

The LEARNED CRITIC calls for this liberality of judgment in behalf of the *Poets*, with whom particularly he was concerned. I find myself, just at this present, very much disposed to claim the same consideration for the writers in *Prose*; having in my mind two passages from two celebrated writers in that form, which I am strongly tempted to send you.

The late Dr. Ogden, who in my judgment holds the very *highest rank* amongst the *most eminent* preachers, in one of those excellent sermons on the fifth commandment, addressing himself to a young man, whose behaviour he supposes less correct than it ought to be, enforces the obligations

gations of children to their parents in a strain of irresistible eloquence, as follows:

“ Now so proud ! self-willed ! inexorable ! thou couldst then only ask by wailing, and move them by thy tears ; and they were moved. Their heart was touched with thy distress. They relieved and watched thy wants, before thou *knewest thine own necessities, or their kindness*. They clothed thee ; thou *knewest not that thou wast naked*. Thou *askedst not for bread* ; but they fed thee.”

Did you ever read ? or can any young man, however proud, self-willed, inexorable, ever read this impassioned address without emotion ? Nor can we easily persuade ourselves otherwise, than that the respectable author was here transcribing the affections of his own heart ; for, as appears from the short memoirs of his life, drawn up and prefixed to an edition of his sermons, in two volumes, by the late Dr. Hallifax, he was a truly affection-

ate and dutiful son, such a one as “maketh
“ a glad father.”

It may not be uninteresting to see the same thoughts worked up into an elegant form by an admired Ancient. Xenophon, you will recollect, in his *Memoirs* of Socrates, introduces the Philosopher discoursing in the following terms:

Ἡ γυνὴ ὑποδεξάμενη τὸ φορτίον τέτο, βαρυνομένη τε καὶ κινδυνεύουσα περὶ τὰ βίβ, καὶ μεταδίδου-
της τροφῆς, ἥ καὶ αὐτὴ τρέφεται, καὶ συν πολλῶ
πόνῳ διενεγκούσα καὶ τεκνύουσα τρέφει τε καὶ ἐπιμε-
λεῖται, ὥδε προπεπονθυῖα ὥδεν ἀγαθόν, ὥδε ΓΙΓΝΩΣ-
ΚΟΝ ΤΟ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ ὅτι ὅτι ΕΥΠΑΣΧΕΙ,
ὥδε ΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΔΕΤΝΑΜΕΝΟΝ ὅτι ὅτι ΔΕΙ-
ΤΑΙ.

XEN. MEM. I. ii. c. 11.

The sentiments under the expressions, marked in the English text by Italics, and by Capitals in the Greek, bear, you will take notice, a striking resemblance to each other; and, though evidently most just and natural, are, so far as my observa-
tion goes, nowhere to be found, but in

these two passages. If you read the whole chapter, from which the lines above are taken, and the perusal will abundantly repay your trouble, you will find throughout a great similarity of thought between the Philosopher and the Preacher. In the short passage immediately before us, the Preacher appears to have given more of pathos to the subject, by a judicious amplification, illustrating the general sentiment by specific instances, very happily chosen to affect the feelings.

Dr. Ogden was undoubtedly well versed in all the works of Xenophon. May we not therefore suppose? without any derogation from his merit, that, while he was composing this admirable sermon, his thoughts might take their color from the tints, collected upon his mind by frequent communication with this fine writer.

Whatever may be your opinion on this point, you will not, I am persuaded, regret my having called your attention to an old acquaintance, nor think your time

misemployed in comparing the works of two such authors as Xenophon and Dr. Ogden; from either of whom you cannot fail, as you read, of receiving the highest gratification.

I could amuse myself, if I thought it would be equally amusing to you, with tracing these literary resemblances still further. But I rather wish you now to consider with me another species of imitation, if it may be so called; “the management of which,”^d Dr. Hurd says, “is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of *Invention* ;” I mean, the allusions often made by the first writers to old rites and ceremonies, or to prominent circumstances in ancient or modern history.

Dr. Hurd somewhere notices a beautiful specimen of this delicate allusion in a poem, called the Spleen, by Mr. Green of the Custom-house. The Poet is recommending exercise, as a sovereign remedy against that depression of spirits, and those hypocondriac affections, which are
always

always produced by this morbid humor; and exemplifies his doctrine by one of the simplest and most trivial modes, which can possibly be conceived.

Fling but a stone.

You will not discover in this plain sentence any great effort of imagination, any rich coloring of expression, any thing either of novelty or beauty. But when to this so common an action is added the unexpected image, under which is conveyed the promised benefit,

The giant dies,

all the circumstances attending an interesting history, which we have been accustomed to read from our childhood, and to think important from an early reverence for the writings, in which it is contained, are at once recalled to the mind; and give to the passage a life and spirit beyond what the greatest refinement of thought, with all the embellishment of language, could ever have produced.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

Of the same class with this I have always considered that fine imagery, under which Mr. Gray represents the indications of genius, supposed to discover themselves in the infancy of our immortal Shakspeare—the early promise of his future greatness. On the awful appearance of NATURE, who comes in a majestic form to invest her *darling* with the happily-fancied ensigns of that high office, which he was destined afterwards to fill with such astonishing powers,

———— the *dauntless child*

Stretch'd forth his *little hands*, and smil'd.

Did you ever contemplate the animated figure of this *dauntless* child without recurring, at the same time, in your mind, to the fabulous description of Hercules in the cradle? grasping in his infant hands the serpents, and throwing them playfully at the feet of his father,

Ἦτοι ἀρ' ὡς εἰδοντ' ΕΠΙΤΙΤΘΙΟΝ Ἡραχλῆα
Θῆρε δ'ὡα χεῖρεσσιν ἀπριζ' ΑΠΑΛΑΙΣΙΝ ἐχοντα
Συμπληγδην, ἰαχῆσαν· ὁδ' ἐς πατέρ' Ἀμφιτρύωνα
Ἐρπετα δεικαναεσχεν, ἐπαλλετο δ' ὑψοθι χαιρων,

Theoc. Idyl. xxiv.

In

In these examples every thing is plain and obvious. The propriety and aptitude of the allusions are seen at once. But it has often occurred to me, that we lose many beauties in the ancient poets from not knowing the facts, to which, probably, frequent allusions are made, to us, at this distance of time, totally inexplicable.

I have been led into this train of thought by an obscure passage in one of the Odes of Horace; which has created no small perplexity amongst the scholiasts and commentators, such of them I mean, as have ventured to remark upon it; for some of the first order, as Bentley, Gesner, and others, with a reserve not very unusual where real difficulties occur, have kept a wary silence,

————— Hinc *apicem rapax*

Fortuna cum *stridore acuto*

Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

CARM. LIB. I. O. 34.

It

It may not be unamusing to observe for a moment, how these ^s *learned Critics* puzzle themselves in endeavouring to explain what, by their awkward attempts, they very plainly shew that they did not at all understand.

One gravely interprets the term *rapax* by *mutabilis*, *acuto* by *luctuoso*.

Another, by an exposition still more extraordinary, renders *rapax* *fustulit* by *clam* *fustulit*.

A third, with great importance, on the words *cum stridore acuto*, “his verbis
“puto significari Fortunæ commutatio-
“nem, quæ vix intelligi potest sine
“magno fonitu ac fragore. Stridor enim
“fonitum ac strepitum significat, non
“clamorem.”

Thus do they go blundering on, rendering “confusion worse confounded,” not attempting, any of them, to describe the unusual figure which Fortune is here made to assume. Had they attended a little more to this circumstance, it would,
perhaps,

perhaps, have saved them much of the trouble, in which they have involved both themselves and their readers.

Bene, says a modern Editor, in general an acute and sagacious interpreter of his author, Baxter, cum *jiridore acuto*, cùm ante posuerit *rapax*, adinstar scilicet procellosi turbinis.

This roar of storm and thunder seems also to have rumbled in the ears of M. Dacier; though, when on second thoughts he explains *jiridore acuto* by ^h the sounds made by the wings of Fortune, he seems to have caught a glimpse of the real image, which the Poet had in his eye, that of a soaring eagle; as will appear from an extraordinary occurrence related by the historian. I will beg leave to transcribe the passage.

“ Ei (Lucumoni) carpento sedenti cum uxore, AQUILA suspensis demissa leniter alis *pileum* aufert, superq. carpentum cum *magno clangore* volitans rursus, velut ministerio divinitus missa, capiti apte reponit; inde sublimis abiit. Accepisse id augurium

augurium læta dicitur Tanaquil, perita, ut vulgo Etrusci, celestium prodigiorum mulier. Excelsa et alta sperare complexa virum jubet. Eam alitem ea regione cœli, et ejus Dei nunciam venisse. Circa summum culmen hominis auspiciū fecisse. Levâsse humano superpositum capiti *decus*, ut eidem divinitus redderet." Liv. lib. i. c. 34.

Wonders and prodigies ever attend the remoter periods of great States and Kingdoms. They never fail to be recorded in their earlier annals; are superstitiously delivered down from father to son, and received with an easy and willing credence amongst the populace. Of this description is the tale of LUCUMO and the EAGLE; which I doubt not was as familiar amongst the Romans, as well-known, and as often repeated, as with us the legends of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, Guy Earl of Warwick, St. George and the Dragon, &c.

Thus

Thus it appears, that the Poet, when he attributed so uncommon a figure to Fortune, with so singular a mode of action, alluded to a popular story in every body's mouth. The allusion, of course, was immediately acknowledged by the reader, and felt in all its force.

By the light hence thrown on the subject, whatever there was of obscurity has vanished, all difficulties are done away, every expression resumes its usual and proper signification, and the sentence becomes clear and luminous.

The term *rapax* is not, you see, to be understood as epithetical to Fortuna, but to be taken, as adjectives are often used by the poets, adverbially, and joined in construction with the verb *fustulit*. *Rapax fustulit*, i. e. ¹ *rapaciter fustulit*, *rapuit*.

By the expression *stridore acuto*, the great stumbling-block of the commentators, are plainly signified, as intimated by a vague conjecture of the learned Frenchman, the sounds made by the eagle
clap-

clapping its wings, and screaming in its flight; which the historian expresses by the words *magno clangore*.

I will not fatigue you by dragging you further through these dry and tiresome disquisitions into the niceties of grammatical arrangement, which, I suspect, are not much to your taste. You will not however think that labor vain, which tends in any way to elucidate the sense of a favorite author, and to draw forth into more open view a latent beauty, which has so long lain buried under the accumulated rubbish thrown over it, from time to time, by professed critics and laborious annotators. Reposing securely on this assurance, for the present I will bid you

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR P.

WHEN, on opening a letter from your old Correspondent, the expression of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE again meets your eye, I am fearful whether you will not feel somewhat of alarm. It is well, indeed, if, by pacing so often the same beaten round, you do not by this time find yourself wearied, and your spirits exhausted. Notwithstanding all this, I cannot resist the temptation of again trespassing on your patience, and laying before you another instance of extraordinary co-incidence from the works of a great master, who has so ably and copiously treated on this very subject through
its

its several branches. The instance, which I have in view, coming from so high authority, to which, you and all men of learning will very readily allow, a peculiar deference is owen, I will give you the text of the LEARNED CRITIC, and that of the French Annotator, the other author alluded to, ranged in separate columns, by the side of each other: under which form, you will have a more comprehensive view of the whole, and be enabled to compare the two authors with the greater ease and accuracy.

MR. HURD.

Taking advantage of the noblest privilege of his art, he breaks away in a fit of prophetic enthusiasm, to foretell his successes in this projected enterprise, and under the imagery of the ancient triumph, which comprehends or suggests to the imagination whatever is most august in human affairs, to delineate the future glories of this ambitious design. The whole conception, as we shall see, is *of the utmost grandeur and magnificence.*

F. CATROU.

La vivacité avec laquelle le Poëte décrit *allegoriquement* la dedicace, qu'il doit faire de son Enëide a Auguste, sous l'idée de la dedicace d'un Temple, est admirable. C'est *un des beaux morceaux de poésie, qu'ait fait l'auteur.*

Primus ego in patriam necum
modò vita superfit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice
- Musas.

The projected conquest was no less than that of all the Muses, at once; whom, to carry on the decorum of the Allegorie, he threatens to force from *their high and advantageous situation on the summit of the Aonian mount, and to bring them captive into Italy.*

Ancient conquerors were ambitious to consecrate their glory to immortality by a temple or other public monument, * *which was to be built out of the spoils of the conquered cities or countries.*

This, the reader sees, is suitable to the idea of the great work proposed, which was out of the remains of Grecian art to compose a new one, that *should comprise the virtues of them all; as, in fact, the Æneis is*

Virgile fait entendre sous une *allegorie ingenieuse*, que quand il aura publié son *Ænéide*, et quand il aura dédié son temple par des jeux, il fera *deserter la Grèce aux Muses, qui quitteront l'Helicon, pour venir habiter l'Italie.*

Navali surgentes ære columnas. 29.

Virgile ne dit pas sans raison, que de l'airain des vaisseaux, enlevés à Cléopâtre il fera fondre les colonnes de son temple. Auguste avoit en effet tiré * *tant de bronze des vaisseaux, qu'il avoit pris d'Actium, qu'il eut de quoi en eriger les colonnes du temple, qu'il bâtit à Apollon, sur le mont Palatin.*

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam.

On voit ici que ce temple de marbre, que le Poëte doit bâtir, à son retour du Levant, et que cette dedicace, qu'il

*known to unite in itself what-
ever is most excellent, not in Ho-
mer only, but universally in the
writs of Greece.*

The everlasting monument
of the marble temple is then
reared.

Et viridi in campo templum
de marmore ponam.

The dedication of the tem-
ple is then made to the Poet's
Divinity, Augustus.

In medio mihi Cæsar ent tem-
plumq. tenebit.

The expression is emphati-
cal, as intimating to us, and
prefiguring the secret purpose
of the *Æneid*; which was in
the person of *Æneas* to sha-
dow forth and consecrate the
character of Augustus. *His
Divinity was to fill and occupy
the great work.*

Illi victor ego, et tyrio con-
spectus in ostro; &c.

To see the propriety of the
figure in this place, the reader
needs only be reminded of *the
book of Games* in the *Æneid*,
which was purposely intro-
duced in honour of the Em-
peror, and not, as is com-
monly thought, for a mere

doit faire, sont une allegorie.
Il veut dire qu'à son retour
d'Orient, où il ira perfectionner
son *Ænéide*, et y mettre la der-
nière main, il viendra la pub-
lier en Italie. En un mot,
qu'il donnera un ouvrage plus
parfait que ces des Grecs.

Toute l'*Ænéide* se rapporte
à Auguste. Il en est la fin, et
le modele sur lequel le Poëte
forme son héros. De-là ce
temple, dont Auguste fera la
seule Divinité.

La dedicace du temple
qu'erigera Virgile à Auguste
sera celebrée par des jeux de
toutes les sortes, des courses
de chars, des combats du
ceste, et des piéces de Thé-
atre l'orneront.

trial of skill between the poet and his master. The Emperor was *passionately fond of those sports*, and was even the author or restorer of one of them.

Necnon et focii, quæ cuiq.
est copia, læti,
Dona ferunt.

ÆN. 5. V. 200.

Il est étonnant, que nul des interpretes n'ait apperçu le but, qu'a eu le Poète dans l'épisode de l'apothéose d'Anchise, et dans l'épisode *des jeux, qu'il fait célébrer à son tombeau*. C'est Auguste que Virgile représente ici sous le caractère d'Ænée. Le pieux Auguste par l'apothéose, qu'il fit faire à Jule César son pere; et par les jeux, dont il honora le nouveau Dieu, a donné occasion à Virgile d'inventer ce long événement, dont il remplit un livre presque entier.

On ordonna que tout le peuple se trouveroit à des jeux, avec des couronnes de laurier.

Ce qui fut donc un trait de pitié approuvé dans Auguste est mis ici sur le compte d'Ænée par le Poète, qui fait sa cour par cette flatterie, *d'autant plus artificieuse, qu'elle est plus indirecte*. Il paroît même que Virgile a représenté en Sicile, pour l'apothéose d'Anchise, le même genre de jeux, qu'on fit à Rome pour celle de Jule.

Vel scena ut versis discedat
frontibus, usq.

Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa
Britanni.

The choice of inwoven Britons for the support of his veil is well accounted for by them who tell us, that Augustus was proud to have a number of those to serve about him in the quality of slaves.

In foribus pugnam ex auro.
solidoq. elephantò.

Gangaridum faciam victorisq.
arma Quirini, &c.

Here the covering of the figure is too thin to hide the literal meaning from the commonest reader, who sees that the several triumphs of Cæsar, here recorded in sculpture, are those which the Poet hath taken most pains to finish, and hath occasionally inserted in several places of his poem.

Hitherto we have contemplated the decorations of the Shrine, i. e. such as bear a more direct and immediate reference to the honor of Cæsar. We are now presented with a view of the remoter surrounding ornaments of the temple. These are the illus-

Après que Jules César eut vaincu les Anglois, on les employa au service des theatres. C'étoit eux qui faisoient rouler les decorations sur leurs pivots, et qui faisoient mouvoir les machines.

Le nil couvert de vaisseaux
representera le combat d'Alexandrie, et l'entiere defaite d'Antoine, et de Cléopatre.

Addam urbes Asiæ.

Il veut parler des villes d'Asie; qu'Auguste alla châtier, l'année qui preceda la mort de Virgile, au rapport de Dion.

On ne peut guere méconnoître ici l'Ænéide, que le Poëte a représentée sous l'allegorie d'un temple, qu'il dediera à Auguste. Les descendants d'Assaracus en font les principaux acteurs: je veux dire Anchise, Ænée, et son fils Jule. Assaracus fut pere de Capis,

trious Trojan chiefs, whose story was to furnish the materials, or more properly to form the body and case, as it were, of this august structure.

Stabunt et Parii lapides spirantia signa,
Assaraci proles.

Nothing now remains but for FAME to eternise the glories of what the great architect had, at the expence of so much art and labour, completed, which is predicted in *the highest sublime of ancient poetry* under the idea of ENVY, whom the Poet personifies, shuddering at the view of such transcendent perfection, and tasting beforehand the pains of remediless vexation, strongly pictured in the image of the worst infernal tortures.

Invidia infelix, &c.

et Capis eut Anchise pour fils.

L'ENVIE restera dans un temple consacré à Auguste ; non plus pour triompher ; mais affligée de voir sa rage inutile.

Invidia infelix, &c.

C'est pour marquer que cet Empereur avoit surmonté l'envie de ses compétiteurs, ou de ses ennemis, Antoine, Lepidus, Sexte-Pompée, Brutus, Cæsius, &c.

Cæsar's et nomen famâ tot ferre per annos, &c.

Virgile n'outré point la promesse qu'il fait. On peut dire que par son *Ænéide* il a rendu le nom d'Auguste immortel.

That you may not want sufficient time to form your own judgment with due deliberation, I will leave these extracts in your possession, reserving my remarks for the next.

Adieu.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR P.

YOU have now seen the similar passages from my two Authors, opposed to each other in detached paragraphs. But I must desire you to read the performance of Mr. Hurd, the whole together, as it is drawn out by his able pen. I will suppose you to have finished this entertaining perusal : and now let me ask you, did you, any where, at any time, see the efficiency of superior talents displayed in a more conspicuous manner? The loose notes, scattered up and down by the French Annotator, without form or connexion, are carefully collected by this fine writer, arranged

ranged in the aptest order, and worked up into a regular composition, with all the graces of expression and elegance of design. So excellent was this ingenious performance thought, at the time when it first appeared, that it was very warmly applauded by one,^a from whose decision in all matters of taste, as on every subject in the whole circle of arts and sciences, there lies no appeal. You will easily perceive, that I can here mean no other than that wonderful man, in whose comprehensive mind was united with the "*sublime imagination of Longinus the severest reasoning of the Stagyrte*."

It is without scruple confessed, that a great part of the rough materials are to be found in the annotations of Catrou. Superficial readers, who do not attend to, or from their "*sluggish and clouded imaginations*" are incapable of distinguishing, the nicer differences of things, have on this account formed very injurious conclusions, and even gone so far as to load the LEARNED CRITIC with the charge of plagiarism.

‘ plagiarism. Such, we know, was the ungenerous treatment, which the great Founder of the Warburtonian ‘ School himself more than once ‘ experienced; and even a direct ‘ disavowal, accompanied with the most solemn assurances, was found scarcely sufficient to repel the charge.

You will discover at first glance, how much they, who judge in this illiberal manner, underrate the merits of the LEARNED CRITIC. No man of an enlightened and intelligent mind will hesitate to acknowledge, that to him, and him alone, exclusively belong the happy design and skilful plan of the piece, the judicious disposition of the parts, with the splendid ornaments, thrown in here and there occasionally, giving lustre and additional beauty to the whole. It is only for the favored few, whom “ *2 Nature has touched with a ray of that celestial fire, which we call true Genius,*” out of such materials to form so perfect and beautiful an edifice; which the amateur will never
fail

fail to contemplate with the liveliest emotions of delight and admiration. It were as unreasonable and unjust in this place to accuse the LEARNED CRITIC of plagiarism, as to condemn the Architect, who brings the stones or marble, which he builds with, from the quarry, for want of taste and invention.

The doctrine of the LEARNED CRITIC on this subject applies very appositely to the case before us. “^h If there be reason for suspecting any communication between two different writers, it must be taken from something else, besides the identity of the subject-matter of such description: as from the number, or the nature of the circumstances selected for imitation—from the order in which they are disposed—or the manner in which they are represented.”

The great volume of Nature lies open to every observer. Is it then any wonder? if many of those, who attentively peruse it, should be stricken with, and occasionally transcribe the same passages. The
immortal

immortal works of Homer and Virgil, having descended through so long a series of ages, are to us, at this day, in a manner coeval with the beginning of things; and may be looked upon in the same light, as the everlasting mountains, or any other magnificent phænomena of Nature. The several objects, which appear spread over them in various forms of grandeur and beauty, on all sides catching the eye of the spectator, are to be accounted as *common stock, in medio posita*, or, as the Poet expresses it, *publica materies*; which every one has an equal right to appropriate to himself; and it becomes, under proper management, *privati juris*—his own.

• If therefore the principles, laid down by the LEARNED CRITIC, be allowed to be, as by every competent judge they cannot fail of being, equally just as candid, the right of property, which he assumes, is incontestibly established. *He selected his circumstances from the common stock—the order in which they are disposed—and the manner*

manner in which they are represented, are entirely his own.

I will not detain you longer on this pitiful species of common-place detraction, so generally in use amongst *the drudges in the lower walks of literature*, which, from time to time, they are ever throwing, very harmlessly indeed, and ineffectually, from their distance, on those of a superior order; from whose works, however excellent, they derive neither pleasure nor profit; while they read them only with the feelings of mortified vanity, and the paltry desire of discovering faults. What seems to promise far better entertainment, I would much rather attend you through those delightful scenes, which the charming Author, with whom we are now engaged, is continually opening to your view.

That we may enjoy this truly classical entertainment in the greater purity, without interruption, would it not be better to wait for some more favorable opportunity, when we may enter upon it with our spirits
fresh,

fresh, and with no unpleasant impressions on the mind? In the mean time, the character of the LEARNED CRITIC will, I doubt not, stand as high in your opinion, as firm and unshaken by the petty cavils of envious detractors, as it does in mine.

Adieu.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR P.

DO I not flatter myself, rather too much? when I suppose you have been waiting, with some degree of impatience, for the entertainment which I promised you. I will not pretend to guess what expectations you may have formed. Whatever they may be, as I have only a secondary part to act, in subserviency to the Master of the Feast, I may be allowed to hope, that you will not be entirely disappointed.

On your first entrance into this enchanted ground, you will not fail to admire the extraordinary sagacity displayed by the LEARNED CRITIC in his development of the gradual preparation, with
which

which the Poet guards the approach to his intended temple, “ under the imagery
 “ of an ancient triumph, when all the
 “ Grecian Muses at once, after being
 “ forced from their high and advan-
 “ tageous situation on the summit of the
 “ Aonian Mount, were to be led captive
 “ into Italy.”

With the same consummate skill he conducts his reader through the several parts of this august structure after its erection. Virgil says simply, that he will rear a temple of marble.

“ Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam.”

Virgil, consistently with that exquisite taste and wonderful judgment, which so eminently distinguish all his works, could do no more. He was to exhibit a temple before those, who were familiarly acquainted with its usual form and structure. Here therefore a minute description of its various parts would have been tedious and impertinent. The French Annotator takes it up as he finds it in the poem. But the case of the Commentator is far different

different from that of the Poet. The LEARNED CRITIC was aware of this difference, and better acquainted with his business. He well knew that “the imagery in this place could not be understood, without reflecting on the customary form and disposition of the Pagan temples,” which therefore he accurately and scientifically describes, with all the knowledge and ability of a professed artist.

“The shrine or sanctuary in the centre, wherein the statue of the presiding god was placed.”

In medio mihi Cæsar erit.

“The altar before the shrine,” on which were to be offered the sacrifices to the new divinity.

—— *Cæsosq. videre juvencos.*

“The doors of curious carved work, inclosing the image, and ductile veils, embellished by the rich embroidery of flowers, animals, or human figures.”

Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni.

Thus

Thus we have a comprehensive view of this poetical building; of which the French Annotator seems to have had no idea; or, if he had any, not to have been aware, how intimately the plan, here given of it, was connected with the Poet's design.

With this chart in his hand, the curious enquirer traces the whole progress of the Poet's imagery with ease and certainty. But this was not all. It was not enough to proceed regularly, step by step, through the several stages of this visionary scenery. It was evident that by these typical signs more was signified than what was directly expressed. The LEARNED CRITIC apprehends at once this remoter sense, and by an explication the most easy and intelligible, renders it obvious to the meanest understanding. The commonest reader now sees that under the expression, *solemn pompas*, the Poet intimated the gradual *solemn* preparation of poetic pomp, in which he would proceed to the celebration of Cæsar's praise.

That

That by the sacrifices performed on the altar, *caſos juvencoſ*, were prefigured the moſt grateful offerings to his Divinity, in the occasional episodes, which he would conſecrate to his more immediate honor. And finally, that in the embroidered veils was adumbrated the richeſt texture of *his* fancy, intended for a covering to that admired image of *his* virtues, which was to make the pride and glory of *his* poem. What ſpirit and animation does this beautiful paſſage aſſume! how much more impreſſive and intereſting does it become! illuſtrated by this luminous interpretation.

His revered friend and patron (Dr. Warburton) whom the LEARNED CRITIC declares himſelf, at all times, ^a ambitious of imitating, dealt much, throughout all his writings, in theſe double ſenſes and allegories; which he had a wonderful faculty of diſcovering, and a manner of explaining peculiar to himſelf. The ſame favorite Poet, to whom the LEARNED CRITIC has done ſo much honor, afforded him

also an occasion for the exercise of his uncommon powers. The allegorical interpretation of the sixth book of the *Æneis* has been much celebrated, and caused no small disquisition amongst the Literati. There are not wanted many, who have thought it a great improvement on the plain and obvious sense of Virgil. I am not ashamed to confess myself of the number. This extraordinary performance became more the subject of curiosity and conversation after the ^b *temperate and chaste* praise bestowed upon it by the late Dr. Jortin. The just ^c tribute, thus paid in the spirit of truth and sincerity, by that excellent person and accomplished scholar to a *learned friend*, though ^d received by that friend himself with thanks and approbation, was afterwards so mischievously misrepresented by the ^e “base and malignant” perversions of an anonymous ^f pamphleteer, as to become unfortunately a cause of offence, with so fatal an operation, as to make an irreparable breach in the union, which had long subsisted with
reciprocal

reciprocal honor and advantage between these two eminent men. When I say *reciprocal* honor and advantage, I have not overlooked the taunting sneers of the anonymous pamphleteer. Whatever he, or any other of Warburton's flattering admirers, may be pleased to say, *it will*, I believe, *be very clear to other people which was the gainer by this friendly intercourse*. Your friend, at least, who is now writing to you, can be under no doubt, having by him at this moment a ^h series of letters from Dr. Warburton to Dr. Jortin, in which he is repeatedly expressing his thanks for literary services received from Dr. Jortin, with many grateful acknowledgements of obligation.

You will not be sorry to quit this painful and offensive subject, and to return with me to the more pleasing pages of the LEARNED CRITIC. The sculptured ornaments on the doors of the shrine, and the remoter decorations surrounding the temple, are explained by him, with little or no variation, save what arises from his

superior elegance of manner, as Catrou and other Commentators explain them; with the exception of one striking image, which finishes the whole; and, seen in the new light thrown over it by the LEARNED CRITIC, far surpasses all the rest in grandeur of conception and deep thought artifice of design.

Invidia infelix Furiar amnemque severum
 Coccyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues,
 Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.

Did you ever suspect? that in the figure, which you see here so finely drawn, of ENVY, you were beholding a great performance executed by the hand of FAME, engaged in one of her most honorable offices, that of *eternizing* the works of an illustrious Poet. Did it ever occur to you? that under this bold imagery Virgil was predicting, "*in the highest sublime of ancient poetry,*" the immortality of his projected poem. Not one amongst the numerous tribe of ancient Scholiasts,

Scholiasts, nor any other of the modern Commentators, scarcely less numerous, have dropt the most distant intimation to this purpose. F. Catrou is left far behind. When he contemplated this ideal edifice, he certainly did, some how or other, chance to discover in it, what no other had discovered before; but, in the emblematical figures wrought round it, does not appear to have seen more, than what any common spectator may be supposed to have observed. In this last particularly, he tells us, are represented the triumphs of Augustus over his competitors.

Invidia infelix ———.

C'est pour marquer que cet Empereur avoit surmonté
l'Envie de ces competeurs ou des ennemis Antoine,
Lepidus, Sexte Pompée, Brutus, Cassius, &c.

It was reserved for the great Mystagogue, the LEARNED CRITIC alone, to pierce through the obscurity, which hung

over this mysterious part of the Poet's mechanism, and to catch his more concealed meaning; which he expounds in a manner surprisngly clear and satisfactory. Such are the strokes, which ¹ distinguish one man from another, and decidedly mark the character of a great Genius. You will think, perhaps, that I engaged in a perilous enterprise, when I undertook to criticize the works of a writer, who has so indisputable a claim to that exalted character. I am fully aware of the danger, which I encountered. Whatever may have been my success, it will be found, I hope, that I have conducted myself "^k with all that regard, "*that* is due from one scholar to another," or rather with all that respect and deference, *which* are due from all other scholars to one of such acknowledged pre-eminence.

Shall I confess the real truth? I actually proposed to myself the applauded critique, which we have been considering, as
a model,

a model, which I was ambitious of copying. Whether I have caught any trait of this great master's manner, it is now with you to determine.

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR P.

BY the slight sketch which I have ventured to draw out, of Mr. Hurd's admired critique on one of the noblest fictions of Antiquity, I am inclined to think that you are already prepared to concur with the reverend ^a Encomiast in the judgment, which, with his accustomed candor and liberality, he passed upon it. If you should have any hesitation, there are other masterly strokes of exquisite skill and management interspersed through different parts of the work, well worthy your attention.

The

The extraordinary delicacy, which the LEARNED CRITIC has shewn on this occasion, and the respect, which, so consistently with his usual practice, he has paid to his readers, will not have escaped your notice. ^bThe “imagery,” he says, “in this place cannot be understood “without reflecting on the customary “form and disposition of the Pagan “Temples,” &c. intimating that *reflexion* only was wanted, and supposing all the requisite knowledge to have been previously acquired. When Mr. Gray first published his two Pindaric Odes, “he “was ^c advised even by his friends to “subjoin some few explanatory notes; “but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.” It was afterwards found that Mr. Gray had much over-rated the understanding of his readers, and the explanatory notes were added. In the same manner, I believe, you will think with me, that not a few of the LEARNED CRITIC’s readers will be under obligation to him

him for the information, which he has had the foresight and the goodness so liberally to impart.

It has been observed, that no one is qualified to undertake the arduous task of criticising any literary work, who does not in some measure participate of the same fire and genius, as animated the author. Every competent and unprejudiced judge will at once acknowledge with what justice the LEARNED CRITIC asserts his claim to the high office, which he assumes. He discovers throughout, by various symptoms, how sensibly he sympathises with the Poet in all his feelings: he pierces with his intellectual eye into the innermost recesses of the Poet's mind; he conceives, as it were by the same inspiration, all the brilliant thoughts, the sublime ideas, and rapturous visions, which the Muse ever presented, even in her fondest moments, to her favorite votary. He comprehends his whole plan, which he traces through the successive stages of its progress, from its first conception to its
final

final perfection: not only catches the bolder features of the Poet's design, but is also intimately acquainted with all the nicer touches of his art and management.

This perfect understanding, which the LEARNED CRITIC every where discovers of the Poet's wonderful art and management, is the more worthy of remark, and reflects the greater lustre on his character, as "*not being*^d *apprehended by other Critics;*" who by their ignorance of an excellency so peculiarly belonging to Virgil, were betrayed, "*even the best of them,*" it seems, into a very erroneous estimate of his transcendent merits.

It would take up more of your time, than I have the assurance to ask, were I to analyse every part of this elaborate performance; and to say all which occurs to me on its several excellencies and beauties. Nor will it be necessary. You will be able to see, and to judge of them much better by your own perusal. At the same time, when you consider the
respectable

respectable character of the writer, you will not wonder, if I have been rather minute in my observations. Whatever falls from such high authority cannot but make a very deep impression, and demands the most serious attention. I have also been the more studious of setting forth in its true colors and just proportions this perfect model of the imitative style for the benefit of succeeding adventurers in this hazardous mode of composition; which *seems hitherto to have been so little understood.*

In doing this I beg you to observe, that I am co-operating, in his general design; with the LEARNED CRITIC; who declares that “one of the chief reasons, which induced him to disclose thus much of one of the noblest fictions of Antiquity was, that the propriety of allegorical composition, which made the distinguishing ornament of ancient poetry, seem’d, *so little known or so little attended to* by the modern professors of this fine art.”

CHAP. III.

In

In conformity to the same design I cannot forbear to add a remark or two more. It seems, as has been before intimated, the great art of the Imitator, so to conduct his imitation, as to make what he copies appear his own; in which the wonderful address of the LEARNED CRITIC is very conspicuous. Besides the labor'd construction of the whole piece, wrought up, as you see, to the very acme of perfection, there are many little hints, thrown in here and there, carelessly as it were, and by accident, which insensibly lead the reader to admire the author's uncommon powers of invention and original thinking, rather than to suspect him of "taking any thing to himself, that he longed to another."

By the same indirect means of artful insinuation, and by different expressions, apparently casual, is gradually brought into notice that dignified superiority, which the LEARNED CRITIC so ably supports over the common herd of *ordinary writers, mere verbal Critics, Nibblers of old*
books,

books, word-catchers, who live upon syllables, &c. &c. This nice art, by which the adept is thus qualified, under cover, to elevate his own merits, seems to be amongst the *esoteric doctrines* of the Warburtonian School, revealed only to the initiated into the higher mysteries.

F. Catrou was not of the number. He explained one of the noblest allegories in ancient poetry with great simplicity, not appearing to be sensible that his explication had in it any thing extraordinary, or shewed any uncommon sagacity. So little attentive was he to that manly vindication of character, which men of letters ought never to lose sight of, that, though he was the first formally to notice in this beautiful passage of Virgil the vestiges of a noble allegory, and discovered, confessedly before any other, the *Æneis* prefigured under the image of a magnificent temple, which the Poet declared his intention of erecting; yet he gave his discovery to the public, even in its prime of novelty, without claiming to himself any
5 peculiar

peculiar merit. Having no view beyond that of explaining his author, he has nowhere interwoven with his remarks on the Poet, as we have seen a more skilful writer do with so much art and effect, a fine-wrought panegyric on his own performance. The plodding note-writer had no knowledge of those refined artifices, so much in practice amongst the Initiated, by which they contrived to throw all those, not within the pale of their own community, to a remote distance, far below that proud eminence, which they themselves, for so long a period, so honorably, and with such commanding authority maintained. He, poor simple man! never so much as once hinted at the dullness,—the stupidity,—the ignorance of other Commentators, which the LEARNED CRITIC finds so frequent occasion to deplore.

When you consider the great delicacy of this nice art, and its utility to a writer, emulous as all writers are, or should be, of fame and distinction; you will not, I hope,

hope, think that I have spent too many words in pointing out and unfolding the masterly use, which the LEARNED CRITIC has made of it.

I had thoughts of giving a body of Canons, drawn out in form, for the benefit of young students in this elegant branch of literature, and of illustrating them by examples, selected from the writings of the LEARNED CRITIC. But having already so long engaged your attention, I suspect that you will not be sorry to hail the accustomed

Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR P.

I THOUGHT that I had taken leave, in due form, of the LEARNED CRITIC and the French Annotator; but our friend S. who is, you know, one of the most zealous amongst the numerous admirers of the former, on perusing what I had written, (which he has the courtesy to say he always wishes to do), declares, that I have been guilty of great injustice towards his favorite author, in supposing, as I certainly have done, that he had

G

seen

seen the annotations of F. Catrou, when he wrote his admired critique. This our friend takes upon him absolutely to deny, in the most peremptory terms, on proof, as he alleges, incontrovertible.

The LEARNED CRITIC had such a rich vein of original thought, and possessed within himself such inexhaustible stores, as never to be under the necessity, or even temptation, of wandering, in search of matter, beyond the confines of his own mind. If, in the course of his extensive reading, he might now and then catch a sentiment or reflexion, falling in perchance with the subject on which he was at any time treating, it is impossible, our friend says, that one of *his*^a known candor, and ingenuous openness of temper—*his*^b delicacy of honor, in not assuming to himself, or depressing the merits of others—a point, in which, after the ^c example set forth so conspicuously by his revered Friend and Patron, he was always particularly

cularly nice—of *his* high sense of literary dignity, which he never failed, on a proper occasion, to assert, with equal ability as zeal—it is impossible that, with this temper, and these feelings, he should suppress the name of an author, to whom, if he really had seen his works, it cannot be denied, that he was under more than common obligation.

Now it is notorious that the LEARNED CRITIC no where acknowledges any such obligation, which, in the case supposed, our friend says positively, he would certainly have made a point of doing, not without adding, in his elegant manner, some expression of compliment and respect for an author, whose thoughts were so congenial with his own. So far from making any concession to this effect, he very plainly insinuates, you will observe, by frequent intimations, the purport of which cannot be misunderstood, that the whole doctrine of the ALLEGORY, as well

as the development of the Poet's wonderful art and management, was entirely *new*; what no other critic had ever thought of before; or, as he generally represents those, who preceded him in the same track, had the discernment to apprehend, the judgment to approve, or the taste to feel and to admire.

What adds great weight to this opinion, it appears beyond all question that the "great man, who so warmly applauded this extraordinary performance on its first appearance, had not the most distant notion, that there had ever been any former critic or commentator, who could dispute the honor with his respected friend.

I do not seem at present to have any thing in my mind which may be urged, as satisfactory, in reply to those arguments; nor do I much regret the want. I am more disposed to concur with our ingenious friend in his liberal sentiments,
than

than to controvert what he so ably and zealously maintains.

I am also the more inclined to this party, when I consider the passage, on which this applauded critique was written. I feel no hesitation in allowing to the LEARNED CRITIC the whole merit of explaining, as we have seen, these introductory lines to the third Georgic, without any assistance from F. Catrou, or other commentators. Indeed it has long been rather a matter of surprise with me, that a meaning so obvious, as this now appears, should have lain so long concealed; and that the discovery, first made by Catrou, and afterwards by the LEARNED CRITIC, had not been made many centuries before either the one or the other was born.

It is evident that Virgil did not mean to erect a real temple of marble; or actually to make such a solemn procession, as he describes; or to offer such costly sacrifices, as he speaks of, to his new Divinity. It is equally evident that he did

mean something. Now it is a very natural question for every scholar to ask, what this covert meaning might be. The Poet seems himself to have pointed it out in terms sufficiently clear and intelligible. After having disclaimed the trite and hacknied themes of the Grecian Poets, he professes that he also must make an attempt to raise himself into reputation and celebrity by some work, which, in sublimity of conception, magnificence of design, and above all by the exalted dignity of the subject, should far surpass them all, and give him a decided superiority and triumph over those haughty predecessors,

—— tantanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

It is plain that this work, however superior in degree, must be of the same kind with those before alluded to. Old Servius, notwithstanding the scoffs and sneers illiberally cast upon him by some writers, who condescend nevertheless,

without scruple, to avail themselves of his learning and ingenuity, wanted, as a critic, neither sagacity nor ability. What he observes on the words before us is very judicious; and furnishes a clue, which leads to the full discovery of the Poet's design.

——— quâ *me* quoque possim

Tolere humo.———

Sicut *alii se sustulerunt* CARMINIS merito.

SERVIVS.

Under any other supposition, the recognition of these fables in this place would have been impertinent, and have answered no purpose whatsoever. You will readily agree with me that to write thus without meaning is not quite in Virgil's manner. The work, therefore, which he meditated, could be no other than a projected poem. This appears to have been the great plan of the *Æneis*; which he prefigures, as he proceeds, under the idea of a temple, with all its splendid decorations, as has been described at large in the elaborate

commentary, which you have been reading.

With what aptitude and propriety this divine work was represented, throughout all its parts, under the imagery, thus happily fancied, and skilfully conducted by the Poet, the two writers, with whom we have been so long engaged, have, each in his own way, very clearly and satisfactorily made out, the one by his learned and laborious notes, the other in his elegant and finely-written essay. After what has passed, does it not appear rather unaccountable that a meaning, shaded only by a veil of so transparent a texture, should so long have escaped the notice, even of the most *ordinary* reader.

I rely with confidence on your candor, that you will not suppose, when I consider this explication of Virgil, given by Catrou and the LEARNED CRITIC, as no very marvellous discovery, as an atchievement of no such extraordinary difficulty, that I mean to depreciate their respective merits. The apparent ease which often-
times

times accompanies a work of genius, and seems not rarely to mark the character of a new discovery, so soon as it is made, so far from diminishing the value of either, is in fact their greatest recommendation; confirming in the most satisfactory manner the excellency of the one, and the certainty of the other, and raising in proportion the reputation of the author.

— ut sibi quis

Speret idem; fudet multum frustra que laboret

Aufus idem. —

Hor. Art. Poet, v. 240.

Adieu.

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR P.

ON looking back over these papers, as they are now arranged in a connected series, it has occurred to me that there would be a propriety in adjoining the passage from Pope's translation of Homer, alluded to in the first letter. It is therefore here given, accompanied with the remarks, as it stands in the European Magazine, December 1799.

The passage is in the last book of the Iliad, where Iris is represented as plunging from the sky into the sea.

Ὡς εἶπ'· ὦρτο δὲ Ἴρις, ἀέλλοπος, ἀγγελεύσα,
 Μεσσηγυρὶ δὲ Σάμῃ τε καὶ Ἰμβρὶ παιπαλοέσσης
 Ἐνθόρῃ μείλανι ποντῷ, ἐπέσοναχχῆσε δὲ λιμνῇ.

You

You shall have the translation first from Pope's *old friend*; which, though, perhaps, not ornamented with much elegance, or dignified with any great sublimity of expression, is, however, agreeably to the first principle of translation, laid down in the ingenious ^a Essay, to which we have often referred, "a more complete transcript of the ideas of the original work."

Iris, this said, swift down the message bore,
And betwixt Samos and rough Imbrus shore,
Leaps in the main, divided waves resound. OGIILBY.

Do you wish to see it set off with more embellishment of language? Cowper has succeeded very happily in his version; preserving, with correspondent diction, the true sense and spirit of his author:

———"Then Iris, tempest-wing'd, arose,
"Samos between and Imbrus rock begirt,
"She plung'd into the gloomy flood."—

Here, as in Homer, the descent of Iris is instantaneous. Nothing perceptible intervenes

tervenes between her first rising up at the command of Jupiter, and plunging into the sea.

Has not the great master been studious to mark this precipitation in the text by the structure of his verse? I am aware that I am now treading on tender ground. The similitude, repeatedly asserted, between sense and sound, the cadence of a verse and the sentiment or image conveyed by the words, is no doubt often fanciful. Yet, some how or other, I seem to feel a sort of subitaneous effect expressed in this disjointed hemistich:

Ενθορε | μειλανι | ποντω——

Instead of which, suppose it to be written

Ενθορεν ατρυγετω ποντω

or thus,

Ενθορε μεν πολιω ποντω

would the effect then be equally striking?

Whether

Whether you feel with me this imputed resemblance or not, you will have no scruple in allowing that the images conveyed by the language of Homer are of an aspect far different from the *smooth, easy, gradual proceſſion*, deſcribed in one of the couplets, which appears with ſuch dazzling brilliancy in Pope's tranſlation.

- “ He added not, and Iris, from the ſkies,
 “ Swift as a whirlwind, on the meſſage flies :
 “ *Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,*
 “ *Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps :*
 “ Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
 “ And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
 “ Down plung'd the maid: the parted waves reſound.”

So far from *gliding* over the ſurface of the ocean, the Goddeſs, you ſee, is repreſented as plunging in at once, with ſuch violence that the waters are ſaid to have reſounded on her immerſion, at a particular ſpot, marked out with ſcrupulous exactneſs, to which the whole of the action is confined.

What makes this interpolation the more extraordinary, you will obſerve the ſenſe
 of

of Homer is rendered full and complete, without any such foreign aid:

——Ωρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλοπος, ἀγγελεσσα,
Μεσσηγυς δὲ Σαμου τε καὶ Ἰμβρυς παιπαλοέσσης
Εὐθόρῃ μείλανι ποντῷ.

——“ Iris, from the skies,
“ Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies.
“ Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
“ And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
“ Down plung’d the maid.”

Does not this plunging down with *so easy and gliding* a motion, remind you of another rather whimsical description? where Hector *runs* away with the challenge from his brother *immediately*, with steps—*majestically slow*.

Where then did Pope pick up these extraneous ornaments? *purpureos pannos*? as little affording with his own expressions, as with the Greek text. The truth is, he was seduced by the fascinating charms of our own immortal poet; and borrowed both the imagery and the expression from that fine passage in the

P. L. where Milton describes the descent of the angelic train :

- “ And from the other hill
“ To their first station, all in *bright* array,
“ The Cherubim descended, on the ground
“ *Gliding meteorous*, as evening mist,
“ Risen from a river, o’er the marsh *glides*,
“ And gathers ground fast on the laborers heel
“ Homeward returning.” B. xii. 626.

Here we discover whence Pope caught his idea of *meteorous*, his *refulgence* and *gliding* motion ; which appear with so much beauty, as arranged by the hand of a master ; though sufficiently awkward, it must be confessed, and incongruous, as united by the copyist in a subject, to which they bear no proper relation.

You will by no means wonder that Pope should have been so much delighted with these charming lines of Milton. His zealous admirers have, I think, to regret that he did not exert more of his *wonderful judgment* in choosing a proper place, in which to insert these adventitious beauties. Do you not recollect
any

any passage? where they might have been attached to the text of Homer, with less violence to his meaning, and form of composition. What think you of that in the first book? where Thetis is represented as rising from the sea, *ηυτ' ΟΜΙΧΛΗ*.

Καρπαλιμως δ' ανεδυ πολιης αλος, ηυτ'
ΟΜΙΧΛΗ. Il. i. 359.

And like a *mist* she rose above the tide.

From the idea here started, we should have been less surpris'd to find Pope indulging himself in these amusing excursions; and wandering a little out of his way, to catch at objects, hanging so alluringly in his view. The imagery of Milton would in this place have harmonized with that of Homer; and been considered probably as an additional beauty.

“ And like a *mist*, she rises 'bove the tide,
“ *Meteorous* the face of ocean sweeps,
“ *Refulgent gliding* o'er the fable deeps.”

You

You will be pleased, I know, with this admirable couplet, seen, thus connected, to far greater advantage, than where Pope, with no very *wonderful judgment* surely, placed it. May I not claim some merit with you for having removed it to a situation, so much better suited for its reception? I leave this to your consideration.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR P.

I MUST beg leave to break in upon your leisure once more, with a paper, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, July 1793, which you will think, perhaps, not so immediately connected with the preceding; bearing however so much relation to the subject therein discussed, especially in the concluding paragraph, which carries with it an apparent imitation of the LEARNED CRITIC from an old scholiast, that it will not, I trust, be deemed an impertinent intrusion, if it have a place in the present volume.

—“ Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.”

It is universally considered, says an ancient Moralist, as illiberal and offensive,
for

for a man to speak of his own abilities and importance before others. Whatever powers or excellence he may be conscious that he possesses, he loses the whole grace of them, when he becomes his own panegyrist; at least if he stands forth on this dangerous ground without some artful disguise. This elegant sentiment is expressed in a dissertation professedly written on the subject of self-praise; wherein the author has given rules for the regulation of this nice and delicate art; and has quoted many examples of great men, who have, on particular occasions, practised it without offence. But it is only in very peculiar circumstances, and under many restrictions, that this seducing gratification can be safely indulged. It is noted therefore as a very disgusting practice in Euripides, that he so frequently interweaves in the action of the drama the mention of himself, when irrelative to the subject.

But the poets, from their birth, seem, by the general courtesy of mankind, to be exempted from common rules; and are

allowed to start occasionally from the dull path of decorum, which the greater part of mankind are contented, and hold it prudent, to keep. Thus the divine Pindar, who is acknowledged to be the first of this privileged order, though he declare *'vain boasting to be nearly in unison with madness*, is yet very frequent in magnifying his own powers, and speaking contemptuously of his rivals: whom he considers merely as *crows* or *chattering daws*, while he compares himself to the *soaring eagle*:

Σοφός ὁ πολ-

λα εἰδώς φύα·

Μαθοντες δέ, λαέροι

Παγλωσσιαι, ΚΟΡΑΚΕΣ ὡς,

Ἀκραντα^c γαρυμεν

ΔΙΟΣ πρὸς ΟΡΝΙΘΑ Θειον. Ol. ii. 154.

He only, in whose ample breast
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest:
Not they, who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like *crows* and chattering *jays*, with clamorous cries
Pursue the *bird of Jove*, that sails along the skies. WEST.

So

So again :

Εστί δ' ΑΙΕ-
 ΤΟΣ ωκυς εν^α πέλαινοις,
 Ος ελαβεν αἶψα τη-
 λοθε μέγαμαιομενος
 Δαφοιναν αγραν ποσιν·
 Κραγεῖται δε ΚΟ-
 ΔΟΙΟΙ ταπεινα νεμονῆαι. N. iii. 138.

Swift 'mongst the feather'd race the *eagle* flies,
 And, darting through the vast profound,
 Sagacious of his quarry, wings his way;
 And gripes with sudden grasp the distant prey:
 While crows of humbler flight, and chattering pies,
 Pick their vile food along the ground.

So also again :

Μακρὰ μοι
 Δ' αὐτοθεν ἄλμαθ' ὑποσκα-
 πῶι τις; ἐχω γονάων ελαφραν ὄρμαν.
 Καὶ πέραν ποντοῖο παλλον-
 τ' ΑΙΕΤΟΙ. N. v. 36.

Hence cut me wide a trench: with vigor light,
 My active limbs the chasm o'erleap.
 Beyond the confines of the deep
 The tow'ring *eagles* wing their rapid flight.

It is therefore with peculiar propriety that our own great Lyric Bard calls Pindar, in harmony with his own ideas thus in triumphant exultation repeatedly expressed, the *Theban eagle*; which is more characteristic than the *swan* of Horace: though ° Pope appears to have preferred the latter, and has emblematically yoked four to the car in which Pindar is seated; alluding, the incomparable editor of his works tells us, “to the chariot races, he “celebrated in the Grecian games.”

Of Horace it may be observed, that, amongst his other imitations of Pindar, he has not spared to follow his example in this hazardous practice. In immediate comparison with his great original he speaks indeed of himself with equal modesty as elegance:

Multa Dircaeum levat aura *cygnum*,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus. Ego, apis Matinæ
More, modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma, per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo. Carin. L. iii. O. 2.

Which

Which Mr. Gray, in the passage alluded to above, has beautifully imitated; or rather (*as was his way whenever he imitated*) far surpassed. About to speak of himself, he addresses his Lyre in this animated apostrophe:

O! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban *eagle* bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet——

Here he quits his original; thinking, perhaps, the image of a little insect, contrasted with the soaring eagle, as too trifling, and inconsonant to this, the sublimest, order of Poetry.

But, notwithstanding the apparent modesty of Horace in the presence of his master, at other times we find him much less reserved. The last ode of the second, and the last of the third book, are professedly dedicated to his own praises. In the one he appears soaring with the same daring flight, as he describes Pindar himself,

self, under the same poetical metamorphose :

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates ; neque in terris morabor
Longius—— Carm. ii. O. xx.

In the other he exultingly predicts his own immortality, and the eternity of his works :

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

Ovid concludes his great work with the same assured anticipation of future celebrity :

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

And in several other places we observe him dwelling with fond complacency on the importance of his poetical character.

Thus it appears that the practice of celebrating their own praises is very general amongst the votaries of the Muses. But these effusions of self-approbation, though very open and undisguised, are yet temperate and chastised, when compared to the extravagant presumption of the earlier Roman writers.

In

In the entertaining Miscellany of A. Gellius are preserved three curious epigrams upon three ancient dramatists, supposed to have been written, each severally, by the dramatists themselves :

Epigramma Nævii,

plenum superbiæ Campanæ.

Mortales immortales flere si foret fas,

Flerent Divæ Camœnæ Nævium poetam.

Itaque postquam est orcino traditus thesauro,

Oblitæ sunt Romæ loquier latinâ linguâ.

Plantii.

Postquam morte datu' 'st Plautus, Comœdia luget.

Scena est deserta, dein Rîsus, Ludu' Jocusque,

Et numeri innumeri simul omnes conlachrymarunt.

Pacuvii,

verecundissimum & purissimum.

Adolescens, tamenetfi properas, hoc te saxum rogat

Utei ad se aspicias ; deinde, quod scriptu' 'st, legas.

Hic sunt poetæ, Marcei Pacuviei sita

Offa. Hoc volebam nescius ne esses : vale

L. I. Cap. xxiv.

The amiable modesty of the last appears to great advantage, when contrasted with the inflated arrogance of the two preceding. Nor are there wanted instances amongst other poets, where the well-earned pride of Horace is assumed with the greatest delicacy, and most artful

ful management. Amongst these the first, which claims our attention, is from the great father of poetry himself. The fourth book of the Iliad concludes with the following lines :

Ενθα κεν ουκεῖ ἐργον ἀνὴρ ὀνοσαῖο μελῆθων,
 Ὅσῃς ἐτ' ἀέλλῃος καὶ ἀνέλαος ὄξει χαλκῷ,
 Διευνοὶ κατὰ μεσσον, ἀγοὶ δὲ ἑ Παλλὰς Ἀθηνῆ,
 Χεῖρος ἐλυσ', αὐτὰρ βελεων κάερυκοι ἐρωην.
 Πολλοὶ γὰρ Τρῶων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἡμάλῃ κεινῷ
 Πρηνεες ἐν κονίῃσι παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τέλειο.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
 By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;
 Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
 And swords around him innocently play :
 The war's whole art with wonder he had seen,
 And counted heroes, where he counted men.
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
 And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd. POPE.

If any one unacquainted with the Greek language should happen to read this passage, as it appears in the translation, he may, perhaps, be at a loss to discover how in any degree it applies to the purpose, for which it is here adduced! The leading idea, contained in the words ἐργον ὀΝΟ-

ΣΑΣΑΙ,

ΣΑΣΘΑΙ, with which we are immediately concerned, and which, indeed, is the principal idea intended to be impressed, is so faintly transfused, or rather so much obscured by the introduction of quaint conceits and prettineffes, that the sentence, as it now stands, will scarcely support the observations, which are meant to be built upon it.

Nor is this, though at present the most material, the only defect in the rendering of these beautiful lines. It cannot have escaped even the most careless observer how much the pathos of the two concluding verses, where the contending parties are in Homer distinguished by their respective countries,

Πολλοὶ γὰρ ΤΡΩΩΝ καὶ ΑΧΑΙΩΝ,

is weakened and done away by the general expression in Pope, *so fought each host*.

In Homer nothing is casual, nothing idle or irrelative, *nil molitur inepte*. Every expression is pregnant with meaning. Thus under the few words,

Παρ' ΑΛΛΗΛΟΙΣΙ ΤΕΤΑΝΤΟ,

is conveyed a pathetic moral sentiment, which strikes home to every man's bosom. Death levels all distinctions. In the grave, high and low, rich and poor, friend and foe, rest promiscuously together.

Their tears, their little passions o'er,
Their human triumphs now no more. GRAY.

Homer himself seems to have been fond of this idea; so that we have it a very few lines preceding. At the close of the battle, two distinguished combatants, a moment before so furious and vehemently adverse to each other, are represented at last in the same situation,

παρ' ἀλλήλοισι τεῖσθε γιν.

Every reader of taste and feeling will, no doubt, be surprised, and equally regret, that this affecting sentiment in *Pope's Homer*, as it is usually with great propriety called, is no where to be found. On the whole, therefore, it may not be thought superfluous, nor, it is hoped, presumptuous, if a new version be attempted; which,

which, however deficient in other respects, may at least be more faithful to the original, and more accordant to the present occasion.

Had hither come some chief, from wound or fear
Of the keen sword secure, and flying spear;
By Pallas led, in safety to survey
The glorious action of this well-fought day:
With eye approving he had gaz'd around,
Nor ought to *blame*, nor ought *defective*, found.
For, side by side, stretch'd on the dusty plain
With many a Greek lay many a Trojan slain.

In these lines then, as they are thus recalled to the original meaning of their author, is, it is suspected, obliquely insinuated by the Poet an eulogy on his own masterly execution in the preceding description. The Commentary of Eustathius evidently leads to this artfully-concealed meaning; though I do not recollect, that it has been intimated by any other commentator. Conscious, says the learned prelate, of his own power, and knowing (agreeably to the sentiment of the Roman Historian, & *qui fecere*, & *qui aliorum facta scripsere multi laudantur*,)

tur,) that it is not less glorious, nor requiring less of ability and exertion to describe great actions, than to perform them, the Poet concludes this book with the lines quoted above.

Εἰδὼς ὁ Ποιήτης τὴν αὐτὰ ἐν ῥῆθρεϊα ἰσχυρὴν, καὶ ὥς ἔκ ἐστὶ καλλίον, καὶ μεγαλοτρεπέστερον, καὶ ἀναγωνιώτερον συζηταὶ μάχην, ἢ ἀφηγηθῆναι, λέγει, κ. τ. λ.

The spectator thus led by Pallas is the hearer (or reader) of the poem; who, without sharing in the perils of the battle, mentally enjoys the glorious spectacle in the description which he is reading: and, as he passes leisurely through the lines (i. e. proceeds in the perusal) discovers nothing of *Homer's* ΟΝΟΣΑΣΘΑΙ, to find fault with, or to despise.

Τοιῦτος ἀν εἰη θεαῖης ὁ τὰ ποιήσας ἀκροαῖης.
Ὅς ἔ τὰ πολεμὰ κακῶν μέλει, ἀλλὰ τὰ τῶν
πολεμικῶν διηγήσεων κάβα νῦν ἀπολαύει καλὰ
θεαμάτων, ἀκινδύνως τὴν μάχην περιῶν, καὶ μηδεὶς
ἔχων τῶν ὈΜΗΡΙΚΩΝ ΟΝΟΣΑΣΘΑΙ, ἧτοι ἐκ-
φαυλίσαι καὶ κατὰμεμψασθαι.

The

The same remark, adds the learned scholiast, may with equal justice be extended to every other book of the Iliad. Were the reader conducted under the same intellectual guidance through the whole work, he would find every part of this divine poem, not only faultless, but transcendently sublime and beautiful.

Ὅν καὶ χειραγωγεὶ ἀκινδύνως ἡ τοιαυτὴ Παλλὰς
εἰς τὰ ΚΑΘΕΚΑΣΤΑ τῆς Ὀμηρικῆς ποιήσεως,
οἷα συνέτην ἀκροατὴν——οὐδαμῶς μεμφοίτο ἀν-
τις τοῦ τῆς μάχης ἔργον.

The praise, so justly due to his unrivalled excellence, is here assumed by the Poet with a modesty and delicacy, which even the most scrupulous moralist could not disapprove.

Of the same kind is a passage in another author, who in general will be little suspected of modesty and reserve. In the Nephelæ of Aristophanes, one of the actors, after having heard a choral song, enquires eagerly,

By

By Jupiter I intreat thee, O! Socrates, tell me, who are these who speak so *majestically*?

Προς τε Διος ἀντίβωλω σε, φρασσον τινες εἰς, ὦ
Σωκράτες, αὐταί

Ἄι φθεγγόμεναι τετο το ΣΕΜΝΟΝ; A. 1. S. iv.

On which it is observed in the scholia, that the Poet is here covertly praising himself; when by the mouth of Strepsiades he calls the song of the chorus *majestic*: for so it really is. But, while he throws these praises on the Nephelæ, the leading characters in the drama, he thinks by this artifice to escape the hazard of giving offence to his audience.

Δελθοῦως, φασιν, ἑαυτὸν ἐπαινει, ΣΕΜΝΟΝ εἶναι
λεγων το μελος· ἐς γὰρ τέλο αληθες. Ὁ δὲ τὸν ἐπαι-
νον ἐπὶ τὰς Νεφέλαις τρεπὼν, ἔκ οἱ ἐλαί φορβικός εἶναι.

It will be entertaining, and not uninstru-
ctive, to observe with what consum-
mate skill a great master, out of the rude
hints, which he caught from the old scho-
liast, has formed an elegant and highly
finished eulogy on our own immortal dra-
matist. “The knowledge of antiquity,”
says

says this accomplished writer, "requisite to succeed in them," (*masks at that time of day in prodigious vogue*) "was, I imagine, the reason that Shakespear was not over fond of trying his hand at these elaborate trifles. Once indeed he did, and with such success as to disgrace the very best things of this kind in Johnson. The short mask in the *Tempest* is fitted up with classical exactness. But its chief excellence lies in the beauty of the show, and the richness of the poetry. *Shakespear was so sensible of his superiority, that he could not help exulting a little upon it, when he makes Ferdinand say,*

This is a most *majestic vision*, and
 Harmonious charming lays." A. iv. S. 1.

You will readily allow me, that this little Essay cannot any way be more happily concluded, than with this fine passage: I will not therefore detain you a moment longer, than to bid you

Adieu.

NOTES.

LETTER I.

* ADVENTURER, No. 63.

† I am much a stranger to your person, and, what it may, perhaps, be scarce *decent* for me to profess to you, even to your writings.—These then are the considerations, which induced me to employ an *hour or two of leisure* in giving your book a free examination.

Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland,
1764. pp. 279, 280.

‡ Yet I have spared you the disgust of considering those vulgar passages, which every body recollects, and sets down for acknowledged imitations.

Hurd, Marks of Imitation, p. 73. 1757.

§ Perhaps the first that occurred to my thoughts was Mr. ADDISON. But the observation holds of others, and of one in particular, (Pope) very much *his superior in true Genius*. Ibid. p. 12.

^c One of the most striking passages in the Essay on Man, is the following :

Superior Beings, &c.——

Can you doubt? from the singularity of the sentiment, that the great Poet had his eye on Plato, who makes Socrates say, in allusion to a remark of Heraclitus,

Ὅτι αἰθερώπων ὁ σοφώτατος πρὸς Θεὸν πῖθικος φανείται.

Hipp. Major.

The application indeed is different. And it could not be otherwise. For the observation, which the philosopher refers πρὸς ΘΕΟΝ, is in the poet given to *Superior Beings* only. The consequence is, that the Ape is an object of *derision* in the former case, of *admiration* in the latter.

Ibid. p. 331.

^f The shapes and appearances of things are *apprehended only in the gross by dull minds*. They think they see, but it is through a mist, where if they catch but a faint glimpse of the form before them, it is well: more one is not to look for from their *clouded* imaginations.

Hurd, Discourse on Poetical Imitation,

p. 133. Ed. 1768.

^g The Publisher. No. 11.

^h It is a faithful and pure maiden story, never *blown upon* before, in any language but in Spanish.

Letters by James Howell, Esq. B. IV. L. XI.

As it is delivered in a language you love, and is besides a
passage

passage not much *blown upon by the dealers in such scraps*, I thought it might perhaps afford you some amusement.

Delicacy of Friendship. Anon. sub finem, p. 233.

ⁱ The conclusion is still *more certain*, when, together with a general likeness of sentiments, we find the *same disposition of the parts*; especially if that disposition be in no common form. Marks of Imitation, p. 30.

LETTER II.

^a See Letter I. p. 6.

^b Wakefield's Edition of Gray's Poems, Advertisement.

^c It were to be wished that Mr Gray himself had selected some few passages of Pindar, by which he might have convinced every reader, how closely and happily he has followed Pindar's manner of conducting the simile and subject together. Huntingford's Apology, p. 80.

^d Ως δ' ὅποτε πληθὺν ποταμὸς πεδίουδε κατεῖσι,
 Χειμαρρὲς κατ' ὄρεσφιν, σπαζόμενος Δίος ὀμβρῶν,
 Πολλὰς δὲ δρυὺς ἀζαλεῖας, πολλὰς δὲ τε πνεύμας
 Εσφερεται, πολλὸν δὲ τ' ἀφυσγετον εἰς ἄλλα βαλλει·

Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit.——Virg. *Æn.* II. 496.

* Mason's Ed. of Gray's Works. Note, p. 85.

† Vide passim Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Book of Revelations, &c.

LETTER III.

^a Richard the second, (as we are told by ARBP. Scroop, and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas Walsingham and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date. Gray's Note.

^b Hurd, Discourse on Poetical Imitation, 1753, p. 150.

^c Ogden's Sermons, 2 vol. Ed. by Dr. Hallifax, 1780. vol. 2. Sermon XI. p. 149.

^d The observation may be extended to all those passages (which are innumerable) in our poets, that allude to the rites, customs, language, and theology of Paganism — *And the management of learned allusion is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of Invention.*

* 1 Book of Samuel, c. xvii. v. 49.

Progress

^f Progress of Poetry.

^g Acron, Porphyrio, Anton. Mancinellus, &c.

^h Mais on peut aussi fort bien entendre ce "*stridor acutus*" du bruit, que font les ailes de la Fortune, dont Horace dit ailleurs, "*Si celeres quatit pennas.*" Si la Fortune se met à battre des ailes pour se envoler.

Dacier, Note, p. 387.

ⁱ RAPACITER, the regularly-formed adverb, though no where in use.

LETTER IV.

^a I shall need no apology to the reader for conducting him somewhat leisurely in what follows, though with all the dispatch so extended a matter will permit, *through the several branches of it.*

Discourse on Poetical Imitation, p. 1.

LETTER V.

^a It was not thus that an able critic (Mr. Hurd) lately explained Virgil's noble Allegory in the beginning of the third Georgic, where, under the idea of a magnificent temple, to be raised to the divinity of Augustus, the Poet promises the famous epic poem, which he afterwards erected to his honour, or, as our Milton says, "built the lofty rhyme." D. L. Ed. by Bp. of Worcester, p. 302.

^b It was not enough in your enlarged view of things to restore either of these models (Aristotle or Longinus) to its ancient splendour. They were both to be revived; or rather a new original plan of criticism to be struck out, which should *unite the virtues of each of them*.

Dedication of the Epistle to Augustus, with an English Commentary and Notes, 1753.

^c The able Critic (Mr. Hurd) looked into F. Catrou, in whom he found all that his master (Dr. Warburton) so applauds and exalts, (see note ^a) only not quite so fine-drawn or wire-drawn.

Confusion worse Confounded, 1772, p. 74.

Primus Idumæus referam tibi, Mantua, palmas:—

Virg. Geor. iii. 13.

If the *ingenuities and delicacy* of a R. R. critic, (who is said to have owed his present dignity to a note on the context) had not been long known, an *ordinary* reader might be startled at the resemblance between his Lordship's critique and Catrou's; whilst a *fastidious one*,
in

in a splenetic mood, might apply, like another Edwards, the *marks of Imitation*, as so many *canons* to annoy their founder.

History of the Caliph Vathek, 1786.

Note, p. 269.

^d It should be remembered that Mr. Hurd was one of the ablest supports and brightest ornaments of this celebrated school.

^e It would have been more generous and just in you to have acknowledged yourself indebted to Mr. L. for the application of the meteoric appearances from Caubaon's *Adversaria* to this subject; which, when it appeared in your more popular volume, was received with applause, as new and very ingenious; an applause, which, as you could not but know, belonged to him.

Dr. Lowth's Third Letter to
Dr. Warburton, 1766.

Mr. Warburton, who supposes——which thought, wrong as it is, though he lets it pass for his own, was borrowed, or more properly *stolen*, from a French Romance, called the Life of Sethos.

Cooper's Life of Socrates,
4th Ed. 1771. p. 102.

Les sectes philosophiques cherchoient à diviner le dogme caché sous le voile des ceremonies, & tâchoient de le ramener chacune à leur doctrine dans l'hypothèse des Epicuriens, adoptée de nos jours par M. M. Le Clerc & Warburton.——Le Clerc *adopted* it in the year 1687. Mr. Warburton *invented* it in the year 1738.

Critical Observations on the Sixth Book
of the *Æneis*, 1770. p. 8.

As

As this last notion was *published* in French, six years before it was *invented* in English, the learned author of the D. L. has been severely treated by some *ungenerous* adversaries. Appearances, it must be confessed, wear a very suspicious aspect; but what are appearances, when weighed against his Lordship's declarations.

Ibid. p. 33. See Note f.

f That I may not continue worse in your esteem than I deserve, give me leave to tell you, that I am *no plagiarist from your father. This is a point of honour, in which I am particularly delicate.* I will venture to boast again to you, that I believe no author was ever more averse to *take to himself any thing that belonged to another.*

Dr. Warburton's 4th Letter to Dr. Lowth, 1766.

g Discourse on Poetical Imitation, p. 123.

h Ibid. p. 127.

i *Publica materies privati juris erit,* ———

Hor. Ars Poet. 131.

L E T T E R VI.

To the Reverend Mr. William Warburton.

a Reverend Sir,

Give me leave to present you with the following essay on the Epistle to Augustus; which, whatever other merit it may want, is sure of this, that it hath been *plann'd on the best model.* Dedication of Horace's Epistle, &c.

^b So nicely do you understand what belongs to this intercourse of *Learned Friends*, that in the instance before us you do not seem, I think, to have exceeded the modest proportion even of a *temperate and chaste praise*.

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 219.

^c That the subterraneous adventures of *Æneas* were intended by Virgil to represent the initiation of his hero, is an *elegant conjecture*, which hath been laid before the public, and *set forth to the best advantage, by a learned friend*.

Jortin, Dissertation vi. p. 239.

^d Letter of Dr. Warburton to Dr. Jortin, November 10, 1755.

^e His (Warburton's) servile flatterers (see the *base and malignant essay* on the Delicacy of Friendship) exalting their master far above Aristotle and Longinus, assaulted every modest dissenter, who refused to consult the oracle, and adore the idol.

Lord Sheffield's Life of Mr. Gibbon, p. 137.

^f Delicacy of Friendship.

^g The advantages of friendship are *reciprocal*; and, though it be very clear to other people which is the gainer by this intercourse, who knows but Dr. Jortin, in his great modesty, might suppose the odds to lie on his side.

Ibid. p. 230.

^h From the year 1749 to the year 1758.

To remove the mysterious veil, which hath long hung darkly over the transactions of certain literary men, eminent

ment in their day, and the more decisively to vindicate the character of Dr. Jortin from the unprovoked attacks injuriously made upon it by those, who, as they daily saw, ought to have respected his virtues and abilities, it has been suggested, that it would be an act of justice to make these letters public.

¹ See Letter, v. p. 54.

² I have read your *Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence*, and shall very readily, I dare say, be indulged in the liberty I am going to take, of giving you my free thoughts upon it. I shall do it *with all the regard that is due, from one scholar to another*. Letter to the Reverend ^{Dr.} Thomas Leland, Introduction.

LETTER VII.

^a See Letter v. Note ^a.

^b Hurd's Note, p. 44.

^c Gray's Poems by Mr. Mason.

Progress of Poetry, Note p. 18.

^d The whole conception, we shall see, is of the utmost grandeur and magnificence; though, according to the usual

usual management of the poet, (which, as *not being apprehended* by his critics, hath furnished occasion, *even to the best of them*, to charge him with the want of the sublime.) &c. Hurd's Note, p. 38.

^c Under this encouragement, I could not withstand the temptation of disclosing thus much of one of the noblest fictions of Antiquity; and the rather, as the *propriety of allegoric composition*, &c. Ibid. p. 48.

LETTER VIII.

^a See Letter v. Note ^c.

^b Of these his love of letters and of virtue, his veneration of great and good men, *his delicacy of honour in not assuming to himself or depressing the merit of others*, his readiness to give their due to all men of real desert, whose principles he opposes, and ———.

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 216.

^c See Letter v. Note ^d.

^d Ibid. Note ^a.

^e Yet I must needs think him (Warburton) considerably above *Minellius* and *Farnaby*, and *almost equal to old Servius* himself, though perhaps *one doth not find in him the singular ingenuity you admire in the last of these critics*.

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 219.

LETTER IX.

² Essay on the Principles of Translation, said to be written by Dr. Tytler.

ὅς Ως εἶπε· Ἐκτὼρ δ' αὐτ' ἐχαρῇ μέγα μῦθον ἀνέσας
 Καὶ ῥ' ἐς μέσσον ἰών, τρώων ἐκέρχετο φάλαγγας,
 Μέσσει δ' ἄρ' ἔλυν' ————— Il. iii. 76.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
 Held by the midst athwart, and near the foe,
 Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

Hector stays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately, &c. Note °, v. 109.

The spirit of the original is as justly conceived in Mr. Pope's note, as it is unhappily misrepresented in his translation; and both together produce the following contradictory medley.

Hector does not stay to reply to his brother, but *runs* away *immediately* with steps——*majestically slow*.

Wood's Essay on the original genius of
 Homer, 1755. p. 78.

LETTER X.

^a Plutarch, *περι* ΤΟΥ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΑΝΕΠΙΦΘΟΝΩΣ.

^b Το καυχασθαι παρα καιρον
Μανιασιν υποκειται. Pind. Ol. ix. 58.

^c Γαρυμεν. γαρυεΤΟΝ Oxonienses.
See Dawe's Misc. Crit. Ed. Burgeff. p. 52.

^d *πετανοίς*.

Omnes, quantum video, ubique; quod unde, aut cur,
in *πετανοίς* Oxonienses mutarint, nec apparet, nisi forte
ex Pyth. viii. 46. Occurrit utrumque.

HEYNE.

^e Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here like some furious prophet Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God, &c.
Temple of Fame, v. 210.

^f Marks of Imitation, pp. 24, 25.



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